AN OVERLAND JOURNEY.

XXIX.

CALIFORNIA—THE YOSEMITE.

BEAR VALLEY, Cal., Aug. 14, 1859.

I left Sacramento on Monday morning last, traveling by stage to Stockton, 48 miles nearly due south, crossing the Mokelumne, and keeping first the Sacramento and then the San Joaquin a few miles on our right, and Mount Diablo conspicuous still further west. We traversed a level, fertile plain, sparsely wooded near the rivers—a plain which should be, but is not yet, densely peopled, and very productive. There are some fine orchard gardens near the cities, and might well be many, but a good part of the intermediate country is unineclosed, and the residue mainly devoted to large *ranches* (or loose and slovenly cattle husbandry), and in less degree to the growing of small grain—Wheat and Barley. The stubble indicates good crops, but there is not a sufficient area devoted to them. Uncertainty of land titles—that paramount curse of California—is assigned as the cause of this inadequacy of cultivation, which I trust is not to continue.

—Stockton is situated on a bayou of the San Joaquin, at the head of regular steamboat navigation on that river, which makes it the third city of California, with 15,000 inhabitants, and an extensive carrying trade. The better dwellings are in good part surrounded by fine gardens, well filled with delicious fruit. In some of them the primitive, wide-spreading oaks have been preserved, giving them an aspect of beauty and coolness most grateful to those recently arrived from the Plains. Stockton has the State Insane Asylum, and a very interesting commencement of a Cabinet of Natural History; better still, she has an Artesian Well 1,000 feet deep, bored at a cost of $10,000, and pouring forth a copious and unfailing stream, some feet above the surface of the earth. Deep as it is, it penetrates only successive strata of what appears to be alluvial deposit, never touching bed-rock. Artesian Wells are becoming common in California, and I trust are yet to play an important part in the development and extension not only of her Agricultural but also of her Mining industry, now crippled (especially in the south) by the general dearth of water. I have a suspicion that all the water hitherto obtained by canals or ditches, so expensively constructed, could have been procured far cheaper by digging Artesian Wells, which, however multiplied, could hardly fail, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, to strike copious fountains at no unreasonable depth.

—I left Stockton next morning in a carriage with a friend who proposed to go through to Bear Valley (75 miles) before sleeping—a feat which I doubted the ability of any span of livery horses to accomplish. My doubt was misplaced. Good horses, an early start, careful, considerate driving, frequent watering, and the dry, bracing air of California, carried us through by a little after 10 P. M., and our team would readily have gone ten miles further had we required it. I judge that sixty miles of just such roads would have been as hard a drive in any State east of the Rocky Mountains.

Our general course this day was east by south, passing mainly over moderately undulating prairie of very unequal but generally indifferent fertility, and crossing successively, at intervals of about twenty miles, the small rivers Stanislaus, Tuolumne, and Merced, all flowing from the mountains westward into the San Joaquin, and all rendered turbid by the mining operations in progress on their banks or in their beds. The Stanislaus runs through a belt of rather light and thin Oak, some two or three miles wide; the others have a few scattering Oaks, and that is all. There is considerable husbandry—mainly of the ranching order, near Stockton and along the rivers aforesaid, but very little industry of any kind on the naked prairies between them, and not a drop of running water, except, perhaps, a spring or two under some of the low hills which have a tolerably steep side respectively. There are a very few deep holes in some of the Winter water-courses at which cattle still find drink, though of a bad quality. One settler from Massachusetts, who lives mainly by cattle-growing, informed us that he came around Cape Horn eight or ten years since, has now about ninety head of cattle, which are fast increasing, and intends to erect a wind-mill this Winter, by whose aid he will be able to have a good garden at once and a fine fruit-orchard within a few years. (Wind-mills located over wells or other reservoirs of water, which they raise for use in irrigation, are very common in Stockton, and are rapidly going up throughout middle California.) He has to go seven miles for his fuel, fencing-stuff, &c., on the Stanislaus. His nearest neighbors, on the road we traveled, are some five to ten miles distant, but I believe he has nearer. He is doubtless richer here than he was in Massachusetts, but I cannot realize that his family are happier or more favorably situated for mental and moral improvement, there being no school within reach, and the children depending for instruction on their New-England mother alone. But *their* children will not have New-England mothers—and what then? I fear this cattle-ranching, with long intervals between the ranches, is destined to half barbarize many thousands of the next generation, whom schools can hardly reach, and to whom "the sound of the "church-going bell" will be a stranger. Most of the agriculturists of this region, however, came here from Missouri, Arkansas, or Texas—many of them from Missouri or Arkansas by way of Texas—and do not seem to regard common schools as essential to civilized life.

—We crossed the Merced 60 miles from Stockton (all these rivers are crossed by toll-bridges or ferries—charges, $1 each) just before sunset; and now our road became rugged and bad as we rose the first of the foot-hills of the Sierra. Thus far, we had seen few traces of mining save the muddy-colored waters of the rivers; but seven miles further brought us to Quartzburg, in the center of a nearly washed-out valley of gold-bearing gravel; and thence our way led seven miles further, over a far higher foot-hill, into Bear Valley, where we found friends and grateful rest. The next day I devoted to an examination of Col. Fremont's mines and works, of which I may speak hereafter, but must now hurry on to the Yosemite.

—I left Bear Valley, two hours later than was fit, at 6 A. M. on Thursday, resolved to push through to my immediate destination that night. My friend had preceded me betimes to Mariposas, 12 miles on our way, to complete preparations for the trip; but we were unluckily delayed here again by misapprehensions and the preëngagement of animals for attendance on a camp-meeting, so that it was high noon when we reached the end of the wagon-road, 12 miles below Mariposas, where the saddle is the only resource, while it is still nearly 40 miles (many of them steep ones) to the Yosemite fall. Every one assured us that to get through that day was impossible, yet I had no more time to give to the journey, and must try. My friend is a good rider, while I can barely ride at all, not having spent five hours on horseback, save in my visit to the Kansas Gold Mines, within the last thirty years. But the two gentlemen from Mariposas who accompanied and guided us knew all about the journey that we didn't—which is saying a great deal—so we pressed buoyantly, confidently on.

Hussey's Steam Saw-Mill, where we mounted (or rather I did, for the rest had done so before), marks pretty fairly the division between the Oaks of the lower and the Firs of the higher elevations, though the two of course melt into each other. As we rose gradually but steadily, the White soon faded out, then the Black, and last the Live Oak, though the genuineness of this last is disputed, while the Yellow, Pitch, and Sugar Pines, Cedars, and Balsam Firs became more numerous and stately, till they at length had the ground almost wholly to themselves, save that the Manzanito and other shrubs (mostly evergreens also) clustered on nearly every opening among the trees. There is little or no precipice or bare rock for miles, and we rose along the southern face of the ridge overlooking the Cholchilla Valley, until we seemed to have half California spread out before us like a map. Our range of vision extended south to the *tulé* lake, or immense morass, in which the San Joaquin has its source, and west to the Coast Range, which alone barred the Pacific Ocean from our view. Still rising, we wound gradually around the peak of our first mountain through a slight depression or pass, and soon looked off upon the valley of the South Fork of the Merced, which opened for miles north and east of us. On this side, the descent is far steeper, and we traversed for miles a mere trace along the side of the mountain, where a misstep must have landed us at least a thousand feet below. In time, this too was left behind, and we descended fitfully and tortuously the east end of the mountain to the South Fork, whereon, sixteen miles from Hussey's and but five from the Big Trees of Mariposas, we halted for rest and food. Before six, we were again in the saddle, crossing the fork and winding up over another mountain northward, with a precipitous descent of at least two thousand feet beside us for a mile or so. A steep ascent of half a mile carried us over the divide, whence we descended very rapidly to Alder Creek, at the northern base. Following up this creek over a succession of steep pitches, interleaved with more level patches, we bade adieu to daylight at "Grizzly "Cat," a spot noted for encounters with the monarch of our American forests, and thence crossed a ridge to "Summit Meadows," a succession of mainly narrow grassy levels, which wind in and out among the promontories of more or less shattered granite which make down from the mountain peaks on either side, but pursue a generally eastward direction to pour their tiny tribute into the Great Chasm. Our route led us six or eight times across these Meadows—which were often so boggy as to require a very nice choice of footing, across the generally wooded promontories which deflected the probably continuous meadow into what seemed to us many, until we stood at length, about 10 P. M., on the brink of the awful abyss and halted a moment to tighten girths and take breath for the descent.

—And here let me renew my tribute to the marvelous bounty and beauty of the forests of this whole mountain region. The Sierra Nevadas lack the glorious glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure, the abundant cataracts of the Alps; but they far surpass them—they surpass any other mountains I ever saw—in the wealth and grace of their trees. Look down from almost any of their peaks, and your range of vision is filled, bounded, satisfied, by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hillside, crowning every peak but the highest, with their unfading luxuriance. That I saw during this day's travel many hundreds of Pines eight feet in diameter, with Cedars at least six feet, I am confident; and there were miles after miles of such and smaller trees of like genus standing as thick as they could grow. Steep mountain-sides, allowing these giants to grow, rank above rank, without obstructing each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly favorable to the production of these serviceable giants. But the Summit Meadows are peculiar in their heavy fringe of Balsam Fir, of all sizes from those barely one foot high to those hardly less than two hundred, their branches surrounding them in collars, their extremities gracefully bent down by the weight of Winter snows, making them here, I am confident, the most beautiful trees on earth. The dry promontories which separate these meadows are also covered with a species of Spruce, which is only less graceful than the Firs aforesaid. I never before enjoyed such a tree-feast as on this wearing, difficult ride.

Descent into the Yosemite is only practicable at three points—one near the head of the valley, where a small stream makes in from the direction of the main ridge of the Sierra, down which there is a trail from the vicinity of Walker River, Utah—a trail practicable, I believe, for men on foot only. The other two lead in near the outlet from Mariposas and Coulterville respectively, on opposite banks of the Merced, and are practicable for sure-footed mules or horses. We, of course, made our descent by the Mariposas trail, on the south side of the little river which here escapes from the famous Valley by a cañon which water alone can safely, if at all, traverse, being shut in by lofty precipices and broken by successive falls.

My friends insisted that I should look over the brink into the profound abyss before clambering down its side, but I, apprehending giddiness and feeling the need of steady nerves, firmly declined. So we formed line again, and moved on.

The night was clear and bright, as all Summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool but not really cold; the moon had risen before 7 o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon, the trail became at once so steep, so rough, and so tortuous, that we all dismounted, but my attempt at walking proved a miserable failure. I had been riding with a bad Mexican stirrup, which barely admitted the toes of my left foot, and continual pressure on these had sprained and swelled them so that walking was positive torture. I persisted in the attempt till my companions insisted on my remounting, and thus floundering slowly to the bottom. By steady effort we descended the three miles (4,000 feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite hight! can I ever forget it? The valley is here scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least 4,000 feet high—probably more. But the modicum of moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised. Its whiteness, thrown into bold relief by the patches of trees or shrubs which fringed or flecked it wherever a few handfulls of its moss, slowly decomposed to earth, could contrive to hold on, continually suggested the presence of snow, which suggestion, with difficulty refuted, was at once renewed. And, looking up the valley, we saw just such mountain precipices, barely separated by intervening watercourses (mainly dry at this season), of inconsiderable depth, and only receding sufficiently to make room for a very narrow meadow inclosing the river, to the furthest limit of vision.

—We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the inadequacy of the grass at this point for our tired, hungry beasts, and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day, I shall remember that weary, interminable ride up the valley. We had been on foot since daylight; it was now past midnight; all were nearly used up, and I in torture from over eleven hours' steady riding on the hardest trotting horse in America. Yet we pressed on, and on, through clumps of trees, and bits of forest, and patches of meadow, and over hillocks of mountain *debris*, mainly granite boulders of every size, often nearly as round as cannon balls, forming all but perpendicular banks to the capricious torrent that brought them hither—those stupendous precipices on either side glaring down upon us all the while. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and my own—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin—visions which seemed distinct and unmistakable, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another. It seemed at length that we should never reach the cabin, and my wavering mind recalled elfish German stories of the Wild Huntsman, and of men who, having accepted invitations to a midnight chase, found on their return that said chase had been prolonged till all their relatives and friends were dead, and no one could be induced to recognize or recollect them. Gladly could I have thrown myself recklessly from the saddle, and lain where I fell till morning, but this would never answer, and we kept steadily on,

"Time and the hour wear out the longest day."

At length the *real* cabin—one made of posts and beams and whipsawed boards instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached, and we all eagerly dismounted, turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemingly hour. (It was after 1, A. M.) He made us welcome, however, to his best accommodations, which would have found us lenient critics even had they been worse, and I crept into my rude but clean bed so soon as possible, while the rest awaited the preparation of some refreshment for the inner man. There was never a dainty that could have tempted me to eat at that hour. I am told that none ever before traveled from Bear Valley to the Yosemite in one day—I am confident no green-horns ever did. The distance can hardly exceed 30 miles by an air line; but only a bird could traverse that line, while, by way of Mariposas and the South Fork, it must be fully 60 miles, with a rise and fall of not less than 20,000 feet.

—The *Fall* of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once broken descent of 2,600 feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of 600 and 250 feet. But a river thrice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this prodigious chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their exactions. I readily concede that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exemplification of the Divine power and majesty. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape-line let down from the cloud-capped hight to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite *Valley* (or Gorge) is the most unique and majestic of Nature's marvels, but the Yosemite *Fall* is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be perceptibly less worthy of a fatiguing visit.

—We traversed the Valley from end to end next day, but an accumulation of details on such a subject only serve to confuse and blunt the observer's powers of perception and appreciation. Perhaps the visitor who should be content with a long look into the abyss from the most convenient hight, without braving the toil of a descent, would be wiser than all of us; and yet that first glance upward from the foot will long haunt me as more impressive than any look downward from the summit could be.

I shall not multiply details, nor waste paper in noting all the foolish names which foolish people have given to different peaks or turrets. Just think of two giant stone towers or pillars, which rise a thousand feet above the towering cliff which forms their base, being styled "The Two Sisters!" Could anything be more maladroit and lackadaisical? "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already instanced, and which towers to an altitude of over five thousand feet above the waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high! Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the Valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still further. I certainly miss here the Glaciers of Chamounix; but I know no single wonder of Nature on earth which can claim a superiority over the Yosemite. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water out at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of precipices from 3,000 to 4,000 feet high, the chasm scarcely more than a mile wide at any point, and tapering to a mere gorge or cañon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound—and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

—We dined at 2 o'clock, and then rode leisurely down the Valley, gazing by daylight at the wonders we had previously passed in the night. The spectacle was immense, but I still think the moonlight view the more impressive.

Our faithful beasts climbed the steep acclivity at a little more than the rate of a mile per hour, so that we had still an hour or two of sunshine before us as we stood at last on the summit. I took a last long look into and up the Valley, with the sun still lighting up the greater portion of the opposite cliffs, and then turned my horse's head westward. We reached, at 10½ P. M., the ranche on the South Fork, kept by a solitary man, who has no neighbor nearer than sixteen miles, and there halted for the night. H. G.

EUROPE.

KOSSUTH AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

LONDON, Sept. 5, 1859.

You will recollect that about a year ago I made, through the columns of THE TRIBUNE, some curious revelations in regard to a certain Banya, his mission to Circassia and the squabbles hence arising between the Hungarian and Polish emigrations at Constantinople. Although the facts then stated by me afterward found their way into the European press, no attempt to dispute their accuracy has ever been ventured upon. I have now to call the attention of your readers to another secret chapter of cotemporaneous history; I mean the connection between Kossuth and Bonaparte. It cannot longer be tolerated that the same men should receive with the one hand the pay of the assassin of the French Republic, and in the other hand hoist the banner of liberty; that they should play the part of both martyrs and courtiers; that, having become the tools of an atrocious usurper, they should still exhibit themselves as the organs of an oppressed nation. I think the moment the more opportune for revealing facts long known to me, as Bonaparte and his sycophants, Kossuth and his partisans, are equally busy in throwing a vail over transactions which could not fail to compromise the one before the monarchs, and the other before the peoples of the world.

It will be admitted by the most prejudiced admirers of Mr. Kossuth that, whatever his other accomplishments may be, he has always sadly lacked one great quality—that of consistency. During the whole course of his life he has more resembled the *improvisatore* receiving his impressions from his audience than the author imprinting his own original ideas upon the world. This inconsistency of thought could not but reflect itself in duplicity of action. A few facts may illustrate the truth of this assertion. At Kutaya, Mr. Kossuth entered into an intimate *liaison* with Mr. David Urquhart, and, accepting at once the prejudices of that romantic Highlander, he did not hesitate to pass sentence on Mazzini as a Russian agent. He formally pledged himself to keep aloof from Mazzini. But he had hardly arrived at London when he formed a triumvirate with Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. The incontestible proofs of this double dealing have been laid before the British public in the correspondence carried on between L. Kossuth and David Urquhart, which the latter gentleman has printed in *The London Free Press*. In the first speech Mr. Kossuth made on landing on the English coast, he called Palmerston the friend of his bosom. Palmerston, through the instrumentality of a well-known member of Parliament, intimated to Kossuth his desire to receive the latter at his mansion. Kossuth demanded to be received by the British Minister as Governor of Hungary, a request which, of course, was at once scornfully rejected. Mr. Kossuth, on his part, now gave, through Mr. Urquhart and other acquaintances of his, the British public to understand that he had rejected Palmerston's invitation because he had made sure, from a close study at Kutaya of the Blue Book relating to Hungarian affairs, that Palmerston, the "friend of his bosom," had, in secret understanding with the Court of St. Petersburg, played the traitor to "dear Hungary." In 1853, when a Mazzinian *émeute* broke out at Milan, there appeared on the walls of that town a proclamation addressed to the Hungarian soldiers, calling upon them to side with the Italian insurrectionists, and bearing the signature of Louis Kossuth. The *émeute* turning out a failure, Mr. Kossuth, through the medium of the London newspapers, hastened to declare the proclamation a forgery, thus giving a public *démenti* to his friend Mazzini. Nevertheless, the proclamation *was* genuine. Mazzini *had* acted in concert with Kossuth.

Proceeding upon the settled conviction that to subvert Austrian tyranny the united action of Hungary and Italy was indispensable, Mazzini for some time tried to replace Kossuth by a more trustworthy Hungarian leader, but his efforts splitting on the dissensions of the Hungarian emigration, he magnanimously pardoned his uncertain ally, and spared him an exposure that would have ruined Kossuth's position in England.

To draw nearer to present times, I may call to your recollection that, in the Autumn of 1858, Mr. Kossuth made a tour through Scotland, delivering lectures in different towns, and solemnly warning the British against Louis Bonaparte's treacherous designs. Take, for instance, the following extract of a lecture delivered at Glasgow, on Nov. 20, 1858:

"I have," said Mr. Kossuth, "already alluded, in my other lecture, to the broth of national hatred which Louis Bonaparte is brewing. I do not mean to insinuate that he is meditating an invasion of this country: no doubt he would; only, like the fox in the fable, he does not like sour grapes. It is not long ago that, with the exception, perhaps, of the gentlemen of St. Petersburg, who very likely know all about the mystery, Louis Bonaparte put the whole diplomacy of the world to their wits' end by his gigantic preparations at Cherbourg, pushed on to the last shilling of his empty treasury, and with a haste as if his existence was depending on a minute gained. . . . Cherbourg remains a structure solely against England. . . He meditates a new conflict in the East, in company with Russia. In this conflict he means to check the free movement of the English navy by binding a goodly portion of it to your shores, while he proposes to strike a deadly blow at your vital interests in the East. . . . The Crimean war—was it concluded according to the interests of Great Britain and Turkey? Wallachia and Moldavia got a constitution devised in the den of secret diplomacy, that curse of our age; a constitution devised by Bonaparte with the concurrence of Russia and Austria—each and all of them ardent friends of popular freedom, forsooth! It is in reality no more nor less than a charter granted to Russia for the purpose of disposing of the Principalities. . . . Nay, more; has not Bonaparte, the dear ally, sent his officers to Montenegro to teach rifle practice to the wild mountaineers! . . . His mind is bent on a new treaty of Tilsit, if he has it not already in his pocket."

Such were Kossuth's public strictures on Bonaparte, his dear ally, in the Autumn of 1858. Still more; in the beginning of 1859, when Bonaparte's plans for his Italian crusade of liberty had begun to take shape and figure, this same Kossuth, in Mazzini's *Pensiero ed Azione*, denounced the Dutch trickster in glowing language, and warned all true Republicans—Italians, Hungarians, and Germans even—from making themselves the cat's paws of the Imperial Quasimodo. In a word, he re-echoed Mazzini's views, which the latter again proclaimed in his manifesto of the 16th of May, which he clung to during the Bonaparte crusade, and repeated victoriously at the end of the war in another manifesto reprinted by THE TRIBUNE.

Kossuth then, in January, 1859, not only saw through the Bonapartist sham, but did all in his power to lay it bare before the world. He goaded "the liberal press" into that direction afterward wondered at by Bonaparte's tools as "a sudden outbreak of "anti-Napoleonic rage," and stigmatized by them as a symptom of morbid "sympathy for Austria." But, in the interval, between January, 1859, and May, 1859, a strange revolution occurred in the feelings and ideas of the grand *improvisatore*. He who, to warn the British against Bonaparte's atrocious designs, had made a lecturing tour through Scotland in the Autumn of 1858, set out in the month of May, 1859, on another lecturing tour, from the London Mansion House to the Free-Trade Hall at Manchester, to preach confidence in the Man of December, and, under the false pretense of standing up for neutrality, inveigle the British over to the side of the Imperial blackleg. His own neutrality he soon after evinced in a manner not to be misunderstood.

Now, these recollections, which I might multiply at pleasure, ought to raise some misgivings in the minds of Kossuth's honest admirers—such men as are neither blind worshipers of a name, nor bound to the democratic grandee by sordid interest. At all events, they will not deny that the facts I am now about to relate appear by no means incompatible with the past of the presumed hero of liberty. There were three Hungarian leaders at Paris, paying court to the illustrious Plon-Plon, alias the *Prince Rouge*, the scion of the Bonapartist family, upon whom has fallen the lot of coquetting with revolution, in the same way that his bigger cousin dallies with "religion, order, and property." Those three men were Col. Kiss, Count Teleky, and Gen. Klapka. Plon-Plon, be it said, *en passant*, is a Heliogabalus as to morals, an Ivan III. for personal cowardice, a real Bonaparte for falsehood; but, with all that, an *homme d'esprit*, as the French say. These three gentlemen prevailed upon Plon-Plon, who, probably, was not at all taken by surprise, to enter into negotiations with Kossuth, to summon him to Paris, and even to hold out the promise of presenting the ex-Governor of Hungary to the insidious ruler of the Tuileries.

Accordingly, Mr. Kossuth, having been provided with an English passport wherein he was designated as Mr. Brown, left London for Paris in the beginning of May. At Paris he had at first a long interview with Plon-Plon, to whom he exposed his views about insurging Hungary by landing 40,000 Frenchmen, to be backed by a corps of Magyar refugees, on the coast of Fiume, and a point that seemed uppermost in his patriotic mind, of forming, if only for appearance sake, a provisional Government with Mr. Kossuth at its head. In the evening of May 3, Plon-Plon, in his own carriage, conducted Mr. Kossuth to the Tuileries, there to introduce him to the Man of December. During this interview with Louis Bonaparte, Mr. Kossuth for once refrained from using his great rhetorical powers, and allowed Plon-Plon to act as his spokesman. He afterward paid a gracious compliment to the almost literal fidelity with which the Prince had reproduced his views.

Having attentively listened to the exposition of his cousin, Louis Bonaparte declared that there was one great obstruction to the acceptance on his part of Mr. Kossuth's projects, viz., the latter's Republican principles and Republican connections. It was then that Mr. Kossuth most solemnly *abjured the Republican faith*, declaring that he neither was nor ever had been a Republican, and that political necessities only, and a strange combination of circumstances, had compelled him to side for a while with the Republican part of the European emigration. Simultaneously, in proof of his anti-Republicanism, he, in the name of his country, offered the Hungarian crown to Prince Plon-Plon. It is true that the crown he thus disposed of had not yet become vacant, while his power of attorney to barter it away was altogether wanting; but whoever has carefully watched Mr. Kossuth's proceedings in foreign countries, must have become aware that he has long been used to speak of "dear Hungary" somewhat in the way in which a country gentleman speaks of his estates.

As to Mr. Kossuth's repudiation of Republicanism, I consider it to have been sincere. A civil list of 300,000 florins, which he claimed at Pesth for keeping up the splendor of the Executive; the patronage of the hospitals, transferred from an Austrian Archduchess to his own sister; the attempt to give his name to some regiments; his desire to surround himself with a camarilla; the tenacity with which, when on foreign soil, he clung to the title of Governor, although resigned by him at the epoch of the Hungarian catastrophe; the airs assumed by him of a pretender, rather than an exile—all this points to tendencies the reverse of Republicanism. However that may be, I positively affirm that Louis Kossuth abjured Republicanism before the French usurper, and in the presence of the Man of December offered the Hungarian crown to Plon-Plon, the Bonapartist Sardanapalus. Some rather loose gossip about this incident of his interview with Bonaparte at the Tuileries may have given rise to the notoriously false rumor that Kossuth had betrayed the secret plans of his Republican ex-confederates. He was not called upon to reveal their supposed secrets, nor would he have listened to such an infamous proposal. Having succeeded in completely destroying Louis Napoleon's apprehensions as to his Republican tendencies, and having pledged himself to act in the dynastic interest of the Bonapartes, a bargain was struck, by which three millions of francs were placed at Mr. Kossuth's disposal. There would appear nothing strange in this stipulation, since, to organize militarily the Hungarian emigration, money was wanted, and why should Mr. Kossuth not receive subsidies from his new ally, the same as all the despotic powers of Europe had received subsidies from England during the whole course of the Anti-Jacobin war? However, I cannot suppress the fact that, of the millions thus put at his disposal, Mr. Kossuth at once appropriated for his own personal expenses the rather handsome figure of 75,000 francs, stipulating, besides, in case the Italian war should end without leading to the invasion of Hungary, for one year's pension for himself. Before he left the Tuileries, it was agreed that Mr. Kossuth was to counteract the suspected Austrian tendencies of the Derby Ministry, by opening a neutrality campaign in England. It is generally known how, on his return to perfidious Albion, the spontaneous support of the Whigs and the Manchester school enabled him to successfully perform this preliminary part of his engagement.

Since 1851, the greater part of the Hungarian exiles of any distinction and political standing had separated from Mr. Kossuth, but what with the vista of an invasion of Hungary by the aid of French troops; what with the logical horse-power of three millions of francs—the world, as the real Napoleon in one of his fits of cynicism said, being governed by "*le petit ventre*," save some honorable exceptions the whole of the Hungarian emigration in Europe flocked to the Bonapartist banners hoisted by Louis Kossuth. That the transactions which he entered upon with them had some Decembrist smack of corruption cannot be denied, since, to bestow a greater lot of French money upon his new-fangled partisans, he promoted them to higher military grades: lieutenants, for instance, being advanced to the rank of majors. In the first instance, every one received his traveling expenses to Piedmont, then a rich uniform (the cost of a major's costume amounted to £150), and six months' pay in advance, with the promise of pay for one year's service on the conclusion of peace. The so-called Commander-in-Chief received a salary of 10,000fr., the Generals 6,000fr. each, the Brigadiers 5,000fr., the Lieutenant-Colonels 4,000fr., the Majors 3,000fr., and so forth.

The names of the more prominent individuals who associated themselves with Kossuth and pocketed Bonapartist money are the following: Generals Klapka, Perczel, Vetter, Czecz; the Colonels Szabo, Emeric, and Esienne; Kiss, Count A. Teleky, Count Bethlen, Mednyanszky, Ibasz, and some lieutenant-colonels and majors. Among the civilians I may mention Count L. Teleky, Paky, Pulszky, Iranyi, Ludwig, Simonyi, Henszelman, Veres, and others—in fact, all the Hungarian refugees residing in England and on the Continent, with the single exception of S. Vukovicz (at London or Axminster), Ronay (at London, a Hungarian savant), and B. Szemere (at Paris, formerly President of the Hungarian Ministry).

Now, it would be unjust to think that all these men acted from corrupt motives. The majority probably consist of simple dupes—patriotic soldiers who cannot be supposed to possess distinct political principles, or the acumen to look through diplomatic webs. Some, like Gen. Perczel, withdrew as soon as events had shed light upon the Bonapartist imposture. Louis Kossuth, however, who as late as January, 1859, by his articles in Mazzini's *Pensiero ed Azione*, had shown himself a competent judge of Bonaparte's schemes, can by no means be exculpated in the same way.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Sept. 8, 1859.

The Italian question, with its accessories, has again become the absorbing political question of the day. The foolish "sensation" articles in the *Constitutionnel*, and foolisher sensation letters from a Parisian correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*, the half sensible, half foolish speech to the departmental council of the Puy de Dome by M. de Morny, are no more talked of. Victor Emanuel has, so to speak, "taken the wind out of their sails" by his little speech addressed last Sunday to the Commissioners who brought to Turin the official proposition from the Tuscan National Assembly of an annexation of their country to his dominions. All talking breath and journalistic east wind now blows in that direction. Of course, some blow hot, some blow cold; other some strive to blow it up. To drop the metaphor and take up the fact.

You will have published the King's speech in full, so that I need not quote from it. The substance of it was transmitted here by telegraph, and published in the evening papers of Sunday. The first appreciations have been somewhat modified since, not so much because, meantime, the complete text has been received, as because reflection has come better to understand its meaning. There are to-day various interpretations of it, but they are nearer to an accord than at first. It is, I think, now generally understood that Victor Emanuel provisionally accepts the offer of the Tuscans, subject to the approval of the European Powers—an approval likely to be obtained through negotiation, through Napoleon's friendly aid, and through the faithful, vigorous support of his and their rights, which he undertakes, in a European Congress, and before all, by their perseverent maintenance of their rights. A few maintain, on the contrary, that the discourse is to be regarded as a conditional refusal; and others—the ultra clerical and legitimate factionists—confounding their feelings with their opinions, interpret the speech against its apparent meaning, then quarrel both with it and their own interpretation of it. They start from the hypothesis of the return of the Dukes. Now, the chances of the return of these voluntary exiles have wofully diminished in these last days. Their shaken thrones have hardly a leg to stand on. The ultras do not, or will not, see this; most people are growing to see it quite clearly. Reflection, too, and some facts and pseudo facts just come to light have, more or less satisfactorily, the want of the yea yea and nay-nay quality in the speech which at first answered poorly to the attributed blunt frankness of the speaker. An article published in *The London Times* of Saturday last treats specially of this vagueness of the royal response. It has been quoted extensively by the French press, and is, on this and other points of the speech, a pretty fair expression of opinion here.

There is little doubt that Victor Emanuel was "inspired" last Sunday by Louis Napoleon—that is, the inspiration was sent on cold from St. Sauveur. The sense, if not the words, of the document was concocted between the two, and the Count Arese acted as printer's devil to carry copy from the French author to the Sardinian responsible editor. That gentleman, whose intimate personal relations with Napoleon are well known, did certainly make a recent journey to the baths of St. Sauveur; and while he was on that journey the Tuscan delegation, whose mission was unalterably cut and dried for them by the vote of an Assembly already adjourned, persisted in not starting from Florence, to the then general wonderment of outside mankind. In this coincidence people now see a consequence, and the Sardinian speech assumes the importance of a French manifesto. The Tuscans (and Victor, also,) have great reason to rest their hopes in the European Powers, and above all in the generous Emperor of the French.

The probability of a European Congress is now accepted nearly as a certainty by most observers of political signs. It is plainly enough foretold, they say, by Louis Napoleon *apud* Victor Emanuel. Then the failure of the Zurich Conference is patent. But there are many points in the proposed settlement of the complex Italian Question—properly the European Question—some of them without the limits of congressional legislation, and others which both Emperors might prefer to settle between themselves rather than to have brought into discussion there. For an assembly whose constituents are sovereigns to dispossess sovereigns—to sustain human rights against Divine Right—would be without precedent. It is difficult to conceive how Austria should assent, I do not say to such an act, but to their right to discuss the propriety of such an act. It would be bringing into debate the very principle of her existence as an empire. There is no need to point out when and why the French Emperor would prefer to anticipate the action of a Congress by direct negotiation with his late enemy. His tenacity of purpose, his pride, his ambition as a European ruler, his interest as ruler of the French, are all engaged to carry out, somewhat beyond the narrow Villafranca bases, the